

DASHED DOWN A MINUTE

TRAGIC END OF AN OLD MAN'S STRANGE
GUARDIANSHIP OF A BOY

In a Fit of Causeless Anger an Eccentric Sailor Tries to Murder His Adopted Son, and Then Kills Himself—Wandering from South Africa to New York in Search of a

GERMANS *BRUCH* 2004

CURIOSUS crowd surrounded the squalid little store, No. 526 East Eleventh street, this morning, attracted by the news of the dreadful tragedy which occurred there at midnight. The occupants of the store were John Lawrence, an old sailor, and Herman Mayer, a stalwart young fellow, twenty-two years of age, his adopted son.

At 11.45 o'clock the people of the house were aroused by two pistol shots, and Mayer appeared at the rear window, streaming with blood from a wound in his left temple.

"My God, I'm shot!"

he cried repeatedly, and fell senseless over the window-sill.

Joseph Larner, who lives on the third floor, burst in the door of the store, and Officer Keyser, of the Fifth street station, came in. As he entered the room the wounded young man, who had regained consciousness and seemed paralysed with terror, rushed past him and ran upstairs to the top floor, where he sat moaning on the steps.

On going inside the officer found the old man, Lawrence, lying in a pool of blood on the floor of the middle room near his bed. A

heavy 48-caliber revolver lay near his hand, and on a chair within a few feet of him was a collection of weapons, consisting of an old-fashioned revolver, a knife, an open clasp-knives, a knob stick and a cut-throat razor.

There was a gaping hole in his skull, just behind his left ear, and from the fact that the skin near the wound was scorched and blackened with powder, it was evident that he had been fired the muzzle within an inch of his head.

The officer tried to get him to make a statement, but he was too far gone for speech. He died in a few moments.

An ambulance took Mayer to the Bellevue Hospital. He could say nothing at the time, but he was expected to recover.

The doctor said he told this morning to an Evening World reporter is a curious one. He is thought to belong to Lawrence, and he worked as an errand boy in a clothing store where the old man kept in Hamburg, Germany, eight years ago. Lawrence had already been to this country, where

reserved in the navy during the war and whence he took back to his native land a big amount of prize-money. He was of a very restless and adventurous disposition and had a fiery and despotic temper. In 1888 he took a fancy to go to South Africa, and he made Mayer go with him. They settled in Port Elizabeth, where Lawrence established a clothing and general store. Afterwards the old man went to the diamond fields, and after a few

months went to Natal. His movements were known to him and he needed to know where he was going until he had made all his preparations.

Last December the strangely assorted couple came to New York. Lawrence saying that he wanted to find a girl named Maria Schaefer, whom he once knew in Hamburg and who had settled in New York. He said that if he could find her he could marry her.

He took a lease of the store in Eleventh street and put in a meagre and heterogeneous stock of candy, cigars, cheap jewelry, firewood and groceries. He acted so strangely

The old man made not the slightest effort to sell his stock. On the contrary, he had the greatest aversion to anyone entering the store. If children went in to buy a few cents' worth of candy, Lawrence would drive them off with black looks and curses. He always sat behind the little counter reading, while Mayer did the house-

work and the cooking. The neighbors wondered how they lived and paid the rent, as they sold no goods and neither earned any money.

Mayor says, however, that the old sailor amassed nearly \$15,000 in his many ventures, and that he kept his fortune locked up in a box in the house, taking from it each day enough for his wants.

Two or three days ago the old man again took a notion to travel, and told Mayor that

he was going back to Africa. This time he said he would go to the west coast. He took it for granted that Mayer would accompany him, but the strange bond between the two had evidently lost its power. For a night Mayer told the old man that he guessed that he would stay in New York.

Nothing further was said, and there was not a hint of a quarrel between them. Lawrence went to his bed in the middle room, while Mayer slept in the rear apartment. The young man was awakened from a sound sleep

by the flash of a pistol before his eyes. The warm blood streaming from his face told him that he had been shot. He remembered no more.

In a tin box in one of Lawrence's trunks were found ten English sovereigns, \$1.02 in American money and a letter addressed "Coroner Eldman." The letter covered six closely written pages, and was in the handwriting of the dead man. It proved conclusively that the murderous deed was pre-

Lawrence gave a detailed history of his life, corresponding in substance with that given above, and said: "I have regulated all my property with the exception of £28,300 which I have deposited in the Bank of England. It is the proceeds of the sale of some diamonds which I found in Africa. It is deposited for the benefit of the child of the wife who betrayed me, and whom she carried

off. If the child is not found within eighteen years from the day I deposited the money I want it to go to the Society for the Relief of Disabled Seamen.

Lawrence spells his name indifferently Lawrence and Lohrenz. In one part of the letter he says that he has been mate and captain of a sailing vessel plying between London and the Cape.

DASHED DOWN A MINE

FOUR MEN FALL 125 FEET AND THREE

Terrible Experience of a Party of Massachusetts Miners—They Are Precipitated Down a Shaft by the Slipping of a Rope—Rescued Alive at a Fearful Death—Not

Enough Sand on a Rope Brittle with Frost

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Oct. 18.—A serious accident which occurred in West Stockbridge, near this city, on Saturday, has just been reported.

Four men employed in the mines of the Hudson Iron Company in that place fell 125 feet down a shaft and marvelously escaped with their lives. The men are Patrick Cain, sixty years old; Michael Flynn, aged fifty-five; John Fallon, aged forty, and Patrick Myers, aged 45. These men are old miners and have been in the employ of the company for a number of years. Myers is a boss and has for fourteen years spent his days underground in the service of this company.

On the morning in question they reached the mouth of the pit about 6.45 o'clock. They noticed that the rope on the great drum used in lowering and hoisting the bucket was wet with a heavy frost of the night before, and called the attention of the engineer to the fact.

It has been a common occurrence at the mine for the rope to slip and refuse to be controlled by the brake, when wet, and the rescued men were generally bent to lower the bucket until all the men were killed.

then sprinkle ashes or sand on the drum, so that the rope in being reeled back in place would hold securely. This precaution was taken.

At 6 o'clock the four men stepped forward to take their places in the bucket to be lowered. This bucket was nothing more nor less than three-fourths of an empty kerosene barrel, the top of which had been sawed off and an iron handle riveted to the sides. The pit is 293 feet deep, with eight feet of water at the bottom, while 126 feet down there is a plank staging, and a line of 126 feet which has been opened at that level, and the arms of which ran out 1,000 feet in all directions.

These four men put themselves in the

bucket, and no sooner had the engine been started than they went out of sight like a flash, while the heavy rope on the drum whirled and through the guide-hole, until it smoked. Meanwhile the boy engine applied the brake and called loudly for help, but nothing could stop the progress of this dropping car until it met the platform at the 125-foot level.

A recruiting party found the four men, three of them unconscious, jammed between the bucket, the broken rafters and the shaft, where they had been caught in their terrible flight downward. The victims were still alive, but three of them will probably die.

HALF-STARVED IN LABRADOR.

Story of Two Families That Escaped From a Living Death.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—A Montreal special says: Two families named Russell and Humbolt have, after great exertions, escaped semi-starvation in Labrador and have reached Montreal. The story they tell of life in Labrador is very painful. The people are in a terrible condition of health. Mrs.

and very intelligent woman, to-day made the following statement, to which two men lent their assent:

"We are here because we could live there no longer. We were almost starving. We have often been hungry. The fishing has fallen away. The people can't live and they can't get away because they never receive any money. We are paid for our fish in goods and clothes. We have to pay three prices for everything. The Government gives but little assistance. The whole country is a barren rock. We have to eat salt

Too Good to Be Thought Dishonest.
A despatch from Toronto, Ont., received in this city last night, said that R. H. Forbes, money broker and agent for the Doran & Wright Company, brokers, of Wall street, had absconded from Canada while owing large sums of money. R. H. Williams, manager of the Doran & Wright Company, also said that he had evidence of evidence to them would not amount to

Williams further said that Forbes had done business for them on a small scale for some four or five years, and that "he was one of the goody-goody sort," whom no one would suspect of dishonesty. Mr. Williams could not say as to the probable indebtedness of Forbes to other concerns.

Dropped Dead in the Street.

Patrolman William Lambrecht, of the Maroon Street Police Station, noticed an old gentleman stagger and fall in front of 771 Broadway

way this morning. He quickly ran to the man's assistance and found him unconscious. An ambulance was summoned from St. Vincent's Hospital, and with it came Dr. McCabe, who, when he saw the man, pronounced him dead. From papers on the body he was found to be Peter Kimball, sixty-two years old, and living at 87 East Ninth street. Death resulted from heart disease.

Imprisoned and Her Child Taken Away.
Mary Ashton, who said she was a member of the Texas Education Employees' Government Union,

McLean-Stanley Hardware Company, was charged with intoxication by Policemen O'Brien in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning. She was found by her little girl, a little girl through Vestry street last night. Justice O'Reilly remembered her as having been before him last April, when she was discharged. She was sent to the island for three months, and her child, Minnie, was sent to the Home for Friendless Children.

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Perils of Policemen.

While trying to check a runaway horse last night Roundsmen Herman Weise, of the East Eighty-

High street police, was knocked down and run over, receiving a compound fracture of the left leg. The fractious horse belonged to Martin Washington.

Patrolman Michael Shiels, of the High Bridge police, was badly cut on the face by being pinned against an iron girder by a car running from Jerome Park to the city.

Mrs. McKay's Fatal Mistake.

HALLVAX, N. S., Oct. 18.—Mrs. James McKay to-day came her sixteen-year-old daughter's body

Prob Thinks It Will Rain.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 18] —Indications for Connecticut, Eastern New York cooler, rainy, followed by strong southerly, with S. winds.

For Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware: slightly cooler, light rains followed by